

"Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Diggins



Week-End Visits Of a Summer Siren

By Alma Woodward

Harbor, Saturday. My faith in Fate is growing stronger every minute! I received a letter from a girl at Tuxedo yesterday, telling me that Nelson Barrett, my Southampton Othello, is a newspaper and magazine man, that he's successful about ten thousand dollars' worth of income yearly, she says, and that he's coming American author. It's strange I never thought about his being a writer. Eyes like his were made to see deep into dreams and imaginations. When I got the letter I rushed up to my room to think. Here was a man, a REAL man, whom I loved, who loved me—and who had ten thousand a year! Ten thousand sounds a lot, but Viola Summers let me look over her bills for her country home last year, and the expense of those six months would have put the yawningest kind of a hole in a ten thousand. No—what's the use dallying with pin money when right at my feet is a man, young, fairly good-looking, in love with me—whose income is a certified realization of my Midas ambitions? That's the way my thoughts ran. Well, in the afternoon he asked me to go motoring with him. I put on my woolly white motor coat, a rough white felt hat that makes me look about sixteen and a white chiffon veil. There is DOING suggest church steeple and orange blossoms. His machine, a luxuriously fitted 60 horse-power affair, stood glittering in the sun under the porte cochere when I came down. Vaguely the thought came to me of golden chariots and knights of old—I squelched all romance on the spot. He gave me a glance of warm approval as he helped me in, and I decided immediately to have white the predominant note in my trousseau. We strolled along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The road was just a blur of green, punctuated by vari-colored dots that I knew must be houses. Stinging currents of air beat my veil about my face in snaky little slaps and made me catch my breath. In between bumps I came to the conclusion that I saw absolutely nothing in speeding—I wished he'd stop. Then, suddenly, he DID stop, so suddenly, in fact, that I came near doing a triple somersault over the engine. There was so much dust in my eyes that my vision of him was not clear.

G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!

By Ferd G. Long



Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Love and Courtesy. Why is it that courtesy between acknowledged lovers is fast becoming one of the lost arts? The note that should have been written is forgotten; the engagement to go out is not kept punctually. And it's such a pity. Perhaps in the old days of chivalry there was too much of formal politeness between the lover and his lady. But surely we are swinging too far in the opposite direction. Rudeness is always inexcusable, and least to be excused, of all times, when it is shown toward people for whom we care. If you are a girl who like lace in the neck and sleeves to carry a clean pocket handkerchief? I have always not given me, but that courtesy was the most substantial part of it, but the dainty, attractive, graceful trimming that gives a beautiful finish to the whole. There is just one elemental rule for courtesy or good manners. It is—be considerate. Think, definitely consider, whether what you are about to say or do will hurt your friend's feelings. And a pretty good way of determining that, if you are a really honest person, is to think whether your own feelings would be hurt were positions reversed. Courtesy is generally shown in little things, it is true. But continual dropping wears away a stone, and continual detested rudeness must wear away the strongest affection. So please try to be polite. An Acknowledgment. A MAN who signs himself "J. McD." writes: "I have just received a birthday present from a girl who is a great friend of mine. How shall I thank her?" If you are near enough, pay her a call, and cheer your thanks verbally. If you cannot see her, write a little note at once, telling of your pleasure over her remembrance. A Missing Letter. A MAN who signs himself "E. C." writes: "Recently a girl to whom I have been paying attention for six months went to the country. Until last week she wrote me regularly. Then a card came from another young man saying that she had received my letter and thanking me for it. Do you think I ought to write till she writes again, and should I consider everything over between us?" Don't be too hasty. The young woman may have been ill and asked her friend to write for her. It would have been rather better to have nothing at all, but perhaps she was afraid you would worry. Shall She Forgive Him? A GIRL who signs herself "F. D." writes: "Two months ago I quarrelled with a young man, and he pays plenty of attention to me all the evening. But when it is time to go home he never seems to be around, and I always have to go home alone. I am very fond of him, but would he act like this if he really loved me?" The young man is certainly very rude, and I think I should give him a lesson by declining a few of his invitations. If he asked for an explanation I should give it. He may be simply ignorant of his duties as an escort. A Laggard Escort. A GIRL who signs herself "A. B." writes: "I have been to several dances with a young man, and he pays plenty of attention to me all the evening. But when it is time to go home he never seems to be around, and I always have to go home alone. I am very fond of him, but would he act like this if he really loved me?" The young man is certainly very rude, and I think I should give him a lesson by declining a few of his invitations. If he asked for an explanation I should give it. He may be simply ignorant of his duties as an escort. Things Not ... Generally Known. By John L. Hobbie. THE thing furthest from a man's thoughts is his feet. IT is sweet to give your life for a friend, but sweet things are injurious. IF you wish to get rid of your wife, the easiest way is to tell her the truth about yourself. THE freshest of girls shed salty tears. IF you receive an hundredfold for the help you did a neighbor you will be arrested for usury. THE Moon. IT is loosened into luring rountains. My solid oceans flow and sing and shine; A spirit from my heart bursts forth; It closes with unexpected birth. My cold, rare bosom; oh, it must be thin. On mine, on mine! Gazing on thee, I feel, I know, Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow. And living shapes upon my bosom move; Must be in the sea and air, Winged clouds soar here and there, Dark with the rain new buds are while dreaming of; The Love, Love! Love! —Shelley.

Green Room Glintings

By Frank J. Wiltach

THE plots of many plays belong in the cemetery. WHAT is the use of reading a book or seeing a play that does not come out all right in the end? SOME actors would get married even though they didn't have the price of a carfare. WHEN the critic writes a play the actor has his revenge. A GOOD many of the old time actors are wise in being dead. Wife's Place in Japan. ONE of the proverbial Japanese expressions characterizing the East and Europe is that it is "the land where the day would not dawn without the tender sex." This is a plain admission of woman's mighty influence, and refers indirectly to a mythological story of the sun goddess from whom the imperial family is supposed to have sprung. In Japan in early times the wife seems to have had her full share of the respect of the husband, says the Anengo Journal. Instead of "taking her to wife" the earliest Japanese word for marriage means "the union of the man and woman." The woman, after her marriage, continued to live with her parents and her husband visited her daily. As soon as his means permitted he built a new house and the wife came to live in it with him. Even to this day the word "ahime," "newly built," means wife; that is, the woman who occupies the domicile, especially erected for her comfort. It is the civil ceremony of marriage, in which the slipping of rice wine in the prominent feature, the bride drinks first, the cup then being passed to the bridegroom.

O. HENRY'S Last and Best Short Stories.

THE DOOR OF UNREST A Story of a Man Who Was the Original "Wanderer," Or--?

(Continued.) The editor of the Montopoli Weekly Bugle is visited in his office by a man who has every appearance of extreme age. The visitor introduces himself as Mike O'Badger, the original "Wandering Jew," and talks familiarly of events that happened many centuries ago. He shows a copy of the date book, which contains a supposed account of his wanderings. PART II. ABOVE my desk hung an engraving of Raphael's cherubs. You could get make out their forms, though the dust blurred their outlines strangely. "Ye calls them 'cher-rubs,'" cackled the old man. "Habos, ye fancy they are, with wings. And there's one wild legs and bow and arrow that ye call Cupid—I know where they was found. The great-great-grandfather of them all was a billy-goat. Bein' an editor, sir, do ye happen to know where Solomon's Temple stood?" I fancied that it was in—Perusia? Well, I did not know. "The fact is in history nor in the Bible where it was. But I saw it myself. The first pictures of cher-rubs and cupids was sculptured upon their walls and pillars. Two of the biggest, sir, stood in the adytum to form the balustrade over the Ark. "But the wings of them sculptures was blin'd for horns. And the faces was the faces of goats. Ten thousand goats there was in and about the temple. And your cher-rubs was billy-goats in the days of King Solomon, but the pictures personated the horns into wings. "And I knew Tamerlane, the hunc Timour, sir. Very well, I saw him at Kezbut and at Zorah. He was a little man, no larger than yourself, with hair the color of an amber pine stem. They buried him at Samarkand. I was at the wake, sir. Oh, he was a fine built man in his coffin, six feet long, with black whiskers to his face. "And I see 'em throw turnips at the Emperor Vespasian in Africa. All over the world I have tramped, sir, without

His hallucination seemed beyond all reasonable answer, yet the effect of it upon him scarcely merited disrespect. But I knew nothing that might assuage it, and I told him once more that both of us should be leaving the office at once. Obdient at last, he raised himself upon my dishevelled desk and permitted me to half lift him to the floor. The sale of his grief had blown away his words; his freshest of tears had soaked away the crust of his grief. Remembrance died in him—at least, the coherent part of it. "Twas me that did it," he muttered, as I led him toward the door—"me, the shoemaker of Jerusalem." I got him to the sidewalk, and in the augmented light I saw that his face was seared and lined and warped by a sadness almost incredibly the product of a single lifetime. And then high up in the formal darkness we heard the clannish cries of some great, passing birds. My Wanderer Jew lifted his hand, with side-titled head. "The Seven Whistlers!" he said, as one introduces well known friends. "Wild geese," said I, "but I confess that their number is beyond me." "They follow me everywhere," he said. "Twas so commanded. Sometimes they're plovers, and sometimes geese, but ye'll find them always flyin' where I go." I stood, uncertain how to take my leave. I looked up at the sign and shuffled my feet, looked back again—and felt my hair rise. The old man had disappeared. My capillaries relaxed, for I dimly saw him footing it away through the darkness. But he walked so swiftly and silently and contrary to the gait pointed by his age that my composite was not all restored, though I knew not why. "That night I was foolish enough to take down some dust-covered volumes from my modest shelves. I searched 'Hermopolis Rediviva' and 'Sautheil' and the 'Pepys Collection' in vain. And then in a book called 'The Citizen of the World,' and in one two centuries old I came upon what I desired. Michob Ader had indeed come to Paris in the year 1818 and related to the Turkish Spy an extraordinary story. He claimed to be the Wandering Jew, and that— But here I fell asleep, for my editorial duties had been light that day. Judge Hoover was the Bugle's candidate for Congress. Having to confer with

him, I sought his home early the next morning, and we walked together downtown through a little street with which I was unfamiliar. "Did you ever hear of Michob Ader?" I asked him, pointing to the sign. "Why, yes," said the Judge. "And that reminds me of my shoes he has for mending. Here is his shop now." Judge Hoover stepped into a dingy, small shop. I looked up at the sign and saw "Mike O'Badger, Boot and Shoe Maker," on it. Some wild geese passed above, honking cheerily. I scratched my ear and frowned and then trailed into the shop. There sat my Wandering Jew on his shoemaker's bench, trimming a half-sole. He was dabbled with dew, grass-stained, unkempt and miserable, and his face was still the unexplained wretchedness, the problematic sorrow, the master's woe, that had been written there by nothing less, it seemed, than the styes of the centuries. Judge Hoover inquired kindly concerning his shoes. The old shoemaker looked up, and spoke sanely enough. He had been ill, he said, for a few days. The next day the shoes would be ready. He looked at me, and I could see that I had no place in his memory. So out we went, and on our way. "Old Mike," remarked the candidate, "has been on one of his sprees. He gets crazy drunk regularly on a month. But he's a good shoemaker." "What is his history?" I inquired. "Whiskey," apologetically Judge Hoover. "That explains him," said I. "I did not accept the explanation. And so, when I had the chance, I asked old man Sellers, who brewed daily on my exchanges. "Mike O'Badger," said he, "was makin' shoes in Montopoli when I came here on fifteen year ago. I guess whiskey's his trouble. Once a month he goes off the track, and stays so a week. He's got a regular something about his belt—a powder that he tells everybody. Nobody won't listen to him any more. When he's sober he's such a foot-hack that a slight bit of books in the back room of his shop that he reads. I guess you can lay all his troubles on his memory. "But again I would not. Not yet was my Wandering Jew rightly construed for me. I trust that woman may not be allowed a little girl's company in the world. So when Montopoli's oldest inhabitant (some ninety years younger than Michob Ader) dropped in to acquire promulgation in print, I phoned off the practical advice of remote absence in the direction of the uninterfered maker of shoes. "Dialer," he quavered, "come here in '38. He was the first shoemaker in the place. Poles generally consider him crazy at times now. But he don't harm nobody. I s'pose drinkin' upset his mind—yes, drinkin' very likely done



"Those new neighbors of ours must be awfully poor, John. Every time I try to borrow anything from them, they haven't got it!"